Turn them into my design

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by Silvaxus

Summary

17. Boot Worship / Lap Dances / **Scars**

The scars on Hannibal’s wrists caught Will’s attention.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

When Hannibal found himself pushed into the chair behind the desk in his office, he merely chuckled and allowed Will to shove him into the soft leather seat after Will had peeled him out of his suit jacket.

Hannibal almost expected Will to climb into his lap but Will had other ideas.

His lover fell to his knees on the soft carpet and rolled the sleeves of Hannibal's dress shirt up only to take Hannibal's wrists into his hands.

Will stared down at the scars, scars that had been placed on Hannibal's skin by Will's actions...but not by Will's own hands.

The feeling of Will's warm and wet tongue on the sensitive scar tissue caught Hannibal off-guard. He was used to Will's tongue on his skin but touching the scars was always different.

They were more sensitive and sometimes a touch, or just the material of his shirts, could be irritating up to the point of getting painful. What Hannibal was feeling now was unlike anything he felt before.

Leaning back, Hannibal allowed himself to open up to the new kind of pleasure Will was offering him. He was tracing the scars with his tongue only to suckle on the lightly rigged skin...before he bit down.

Yelping at the pain, Hannibal was about to pull his wrists away from Will's grip when Will looked up at him with his damn puppy eyes. Whining, Will tugged on Hannibal's wrists, licked the sensitive skin until Hannibal relaxed again.

It turned into a dance between them, Will licking and biting the skin marked on his behalf and Hannibal feeling a weird kind of pleasure.

Hannibal felt his heart racing, his blood turning into liquid fire and Will was doing nothing but licking the rugged skin of the scars.

Hannibal never thought about the possibility of getting aroused by such a thing but here he was; sitting on his throne in his office with Will on his knees worshipping the scars Hannibal bore because of Will's actions.

Will wasn't far behind Hannibal in this situation as Hannibal could smell Will's arousal thick and heavy in the air around them.

Stretching his legs out, Hannibal pushed one between Will's legs and pressed his shin against Will's hard cock.

Will grunted and bit down on the soft skin of Hannibal's wrist before he used the leverage Hannibal was offering and rubbed himself against Hannibal's leg like he was one of his dogs.

Licking the scars on Hannibal's left wrist, Will looked up at Hannibal from between his long lashes.

It shouldn't be...this arousing to watch Will lick his scars while he was humping against Hannibal's legs. Pictures of Will wearing a collar, maybe even from one of his dogs, formed in Hannibal's mind.

The scent of Will's arousal turned sharper and he let go of Hannibal's wrist to press his face against Hannibal's tigh.

The heat Hannibal felt through several layers of clothes when Will came into his jeans was almost searing, burning, while his wrists felt strangely raw. He was feeling aroused and hungry, hungry for Will who looked up at him with a cheeky smile before he licked once more over the scars.

They were given to Hannibal from someone else than Will but now...now they were Will's design to bring Hannibal pleasure.

End Notes

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